

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. II.—No. 62.]

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1885.

[ONE PENNY.]



TERRIBLE SCENE AT HENLEY REGATTA.

"I don't mind saying it was a shock to all of us on the 'Frio' launch to find Poor Pa was on board, as nobody had invited him. Some said, 'Put him ashore,' and others, 'Chuck him overboard,' for it really was too bad of him! But Pa settled it himself by falling backwards over the side, singing 'The Last Rose of Summer.' Then there was a scene, if you like. And the brandies and whiskies it did take to bring him round! Then he went to sleep, and at first we thought, when he began snoring, something was wrong with the engine."

—EXTRACT FROM MISS SLOPER'S CORRESPONDENCE.

A CURE FOR BOW-LEGS. (A SLOPER'S PATENT.)



This poor creature has got bow-legs. It is his only trouble.

Is there no remedy

Yes; he is resolved.

Now or never

What is left of his legs is straight enough now.

[Rather!!]

A HOUSE OF MYSTERY.

CHAPTER I.—A STRANGE BEDROOM.

THE wretched girl was powerless in the hands of her destroyers. The living death lay at her feet.

Within they placed a ladder and bade her sternly to descend. More dead than alive, trembling in every limb, the unhappy creature with tottering steps and painful movements commenced to do so.

And 'twas at this moment that the Dauntless Boy, otherwise Blood-Stained Bill, also Higgins, gazing through a grating above in speechless horror at this fearsome scene enacting below, felt himself clutched by the nape of the neck by some unseen antagonist.

Next moment the grating gave way beneath him and he was hurled head first into the midst of the ruins below, and lay stretched senseless on his back.

How long he remained thus he had no idea, but when at length he recovered consciousness he was alone and in the dark. A profound silence prevailed.

Had they buried him alive?

If so, they had buried a bed with him a soft bed, too! He sat up and thought, then stealthily slid off, till his feet reached

the floor. He stooped and felt the floor. There was a soft rug—beyond, a thick carpet. He felt round. His hands touched a small round table, and on it a match-box. He struck a light, and gazed eagerly around.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed.

There was a wax candle on the table. He lighted it feverishly, all eager to gaze more closely on what had astonished him.

(To be continued in our next.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest.

C. LEWIS (Greenock).—*Tootsie's portrait* herewith with love. Although the *Eminent* highly appreciates your feeling that "you like your drink pure, hot, and unadorned, and to get it, if possible, for nothing," he feels that your qualifications are hardly strong enough to justify him granting you his "Award of Merit."—*Courting Club* (Stavely).—The members of your club are difficult to please. The *Eminent* was under the impression that the fair sex was always well represented in the "HALF HOLIDAY."—A. D. WARD (Leicester).—ALLY's sensible hat is la dernière mode. He found it very warm at Margate, almost as warm as it must be in Leicester!—*Prompter's Box* (Essex Road).—Charles Collette opened on June 29th at the Grand in The Colonel. As Colonel Woottevell W. Woodd he is better than ever.—W. H. BISHOP (Staff-Sergeant, R.A., Colchester).—We publish herewith your playful remarks, and leave it to our readers to form their own opinions:—

"A large business is done in old hats between England and America and the *Nichols*. The scrapers there consider at a mark of affluence to possess as many old hats as possible, and a good tall white hat with a broad black band will fetch from 55 to 65 cocoanuts." SLOPER, old man, now is your time to do a little business.—*MOSES*.

"A young gentleman from the country recently sent twelve stamps in answer to an advertisement for a method of writing without pen or ink. He received the following inscription, in large type, on a card: 'Write with a pencil.' Ikey Moses, Esq., at his old game again.—SLOPER.

OLD TRUE BLUE (Bombay).—With pleasure and love Tootsie now sends her portrait. Lord Bib is not in the least bit jealous.—W. J. DAWSON (Newport, Mon.).—You're applied at the wrong shop; try somewhere else.—W. PHILLIPS (Staines).—No good to us, thanks.—EBENEZER CROOKSHANKS (Oxford Road).—ALLY is delighted to hear you are so pleased with his portrait. The opinion is unanimous, viz., that it is the finest work of modern times.—G. L. S. (Adelaide Road).—Thanks for the information that the Clerk at the Railway Bookstall at Gloucester had never heard of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY." He's heard of it by none!

—£1:1:0—

And the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" will be given for the best Article in Prose or Verse, entitled,

MASHING AT MARGATE.

The article should not exceed three-quarters of a column in length, should describe A Day's Outing at Margate, and should reach the Editor not later than Saturday, July 11th, a stamped envelope being enclosed by those who wish their MSS. returned. Only the successful composition will be published.

Address:—The Editor, "MARGATE COMPETITION,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"UNION is not always strength," as McGooseley murmured to the young lady who was mixing him twopennyworth of "unsophisticated" hot with sugar.

THE other day two men were charged with stealing a hare, but were acquitted. It does sound strange to hear of two persons stealing a hare. That is only half a ha(i)re a-piece, a case of splitting a hair.

MRS. PLUNGER, you see, had a great aversion to her lawful wedded beting, but when he had a little flutter in secret over the Royal Hunt Cup, at Ascot, and, in sporting parlance, "landed by a nose," and Mrs. P. found it out, she was only to be appeased by a new dress. "A trumpery serge," exclaimed the lady, as she put it on to show him. "I've tried it on, do you see? Why, I thought you would never get me anything less than silk!"

"Tried it on?" answered Plunger, playfully. "You are always good at that; but I'll change it for silk."

"When?" demanded his helpmate, eagerly.

"Now." He then pushed her gently into a chair. "There, my love, now it's sat-in."

It was wasted. Women have no appreciation of fun.

TALK not to me of Spanish fair,
Whose eyes flash lightnings keen and bright,
With wealth of blue-black lustrous hair,
Seen dimly in the warm moonlight,
With laces and with gems bedight,
And queenly dignity of mien,
For me there is a fairer sight—
An English girl of sweet sixteen.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—In these days, when everything is done at railway speed, a great many people are met with who, you find, are, as they say, "tied to time." And yet, in spite of all these obstacles, how Time flies!

"TALK about cruelty to animals," said Mrs. SLOPER, "why, throughout the whole country we hear of the clocks continually a-striking the hours, and yet nobody takes them up for it!"

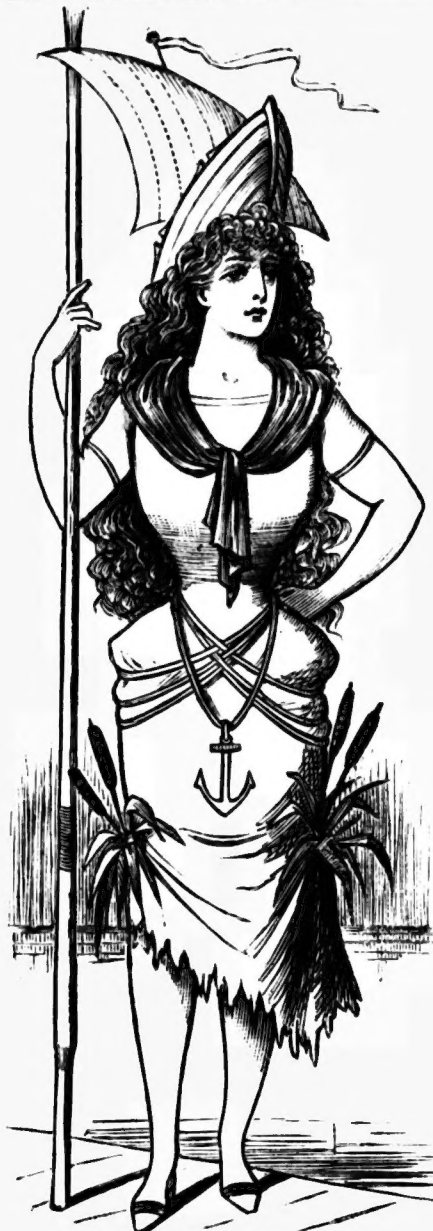
WHEN you are about to marry that dear girl you adore so, why should you settle every halfpenny of your fortune upon her? Because you do so adore her? Pooh! Because, don't you see, her second husband mayn't have a farthing!

THE day is now approaching when "the dear boys (bless their little hearts!) will be coming home for the holidays." In some cases, however, it is doubtful whether this can be correctly described as "Many happy returns of the day."

EXPLAIN me the word "Detrimental."
By this you may take it is meant all
That army of flirts,
Whose society hurts,
Because, without money or rental,
They push through the bars
Of our managing mas,
Wherein their fair treasures are pent all.

A GENTLEMAN charged with inebriation said:—"I have to make a protest against the evidence; it's all false. I was not drunk, my dear sir." "Don't dear sir me," said the magistrate; "no one, I must tell you, is permitted to do that. What are you? Do you work at anything?" "No," said the inebriated gentleman. "Owing to my peculiar idiosyncrasies, I prefer living on a guinea a week allowed me by my family, to do anything in the way of work." I'm not quite sure, but I think the magistrate straightway sent for a pot and a pipe, and entreated him to make himself as much at home as the limited dimensions of the dock allowed of.

DANGEROUS PASTIME.—Drawing conclusions. A fellow nearly got his back broken the other day all through this. He chose to draw an unwarrantable one about a young lady whose big brother was close by. He is at present being wheeled about in a Bath chair.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 62.—"Ye Henley Regatta" Costume.



AT MARGATE.—"He polished his boots with pumpkin squash."



A Gentleman who thoroughly believes in the Gooseberry Season.



ON THE RIVER.—Those bothering bulrushes. Ma trusts to Pa.



"You saw the Hunchback, I suppose? Then I need not tell you that this is Master Walter ever hard."



BATHING AT BOULOGNE.
Bad Baron to Wicked Marquis. I say, Marquis, do you know I shall never be able to look at you again without grinning?

A VERY pretty little idea has come up lately, which might be carried further. An unknown admirer has sent ALLY SLOPER a handsome pair of boots. Had they not been two lefts, and fitted him a little, he would have been gladder still. The party who sent him a pair of the new SLOPER Solitaire Studs (a very admirable and ingenious invention) probably meant well, too; but, as A. SLOPER's linen is strictly confined to a stick-up collar pinned to his stock, such elegant trifles are superfluous in the eyes of A. SLOPER. There must be many thousands of dear ladies, young, middle-aged and elderly, who have read A. SLOPER's sparkling pages with delight, and to whom a little cheque would be as nothing. Oh! why—why don't they?

As Phyllis to the marquee trips,
A swift "round-hand" see Bolus hurl!
But, ah! the ball untimely slips,
And seeks the careless girl.

So fell the blow that Phyllis fell,
Fluttering to earth like some wing'd plover;
Bolus aims had compass'd well—
It was a "maiden over."

Help'd by an anxious crowd to rise,
She turn'd th' offending youth to scold:
"You bow'd me over!" "Nay," he cries,
"But you were over-bow'd!"

It may be very poetical to say to a sweet young girl, "Whisper what thou feelest," but after being a good bit married, you like the missus to speak distinctly, so that you have not to ask two or three times over what the dickens she's talking about.

THERE are three kinds of eggs. Good eggs, bad eggs, and "shop-uns." The shop un may be good, but it is always doubtful even if warranted. All eggs have not got chickens in them. Sometimes people who have set hens over eggs and then find they have not got chickens in them feel vexed, and some other people are more vexed still when they boil the eggs for breakfast and then find the chicken. That was possibly an ancestor of A. SLOPER's who got a chicken served up to him in an egg at an hotel, and wolfed it up quietly without saying a word, for fear he should be charged for *boiled fowl* in the bill; or perhaps the story is not true.

THE announcement of a lecture on "The Women of Shakespeare" has created a deal of excitement in the neighbourhood of Sloum Podger. One head of a family has gone so far as to say that it ought not to be allowed—and being called on to explain, declared that if Shakespeare was "that sort of man," the less we hear of him the better!

THEY were talking of The Sarah the other day—of her keeping a skeleton in her bedroom. "How horrid!" said the Duchess. "But," said the Hon. Billy, in his way (you know his way), "every lady has a skeleton in her bedroom." The Duchess, doubtless thinking he was about to say something *un peu risqué*, tapped him playfully with her dessert spoon (they were at the pudding), but he would go on. "It's a positive necessity," said he, "unless she leaves her bones out on the landing."

THE Family have had a pinafore picnic, which was a great success. All were dressed like the little boys and girls were about forty years ago. Some of the pantalette trimmings were very fetching. The Honourable Billy looked awfully plump, and it was as much as anyone could do to keep from smacking him. The Countess couldn't.

I've flirted with unnumbered girls
And tried some hearts to gain,
And ne'er a one I've smiled upon
Has met me with disdain;
Cupid on me ne'er tries his tricks,
Nor plays his paitry pranks,
And when I scorn the heart I've won,
I give it back—with thanks.

"OWING to the warm weather," says a fashionable contemporary, "ladies costumes have undergone a marvellous transformation. Light tints, bright floral combinations, and gauzy materials have flashed into sudden life in the haunts of fashion." This is only the natural thing, for such a change must of all things be "summery."

THE last garden party worth going to was at the dear Duchess's, and all the world was there. Lord B—, in his shirt-sleeves and an apron, handing about real penny ices, was very funny; but the hit of the afternoon was made by that most charming and naughtiest of Countesses, with a weighing-chair. To hear her say, "Try your weight," just as they do at the Underground Railway stations, or at Rosherville Gardens, was perfectly delicious—and we all screamed. The great joke of the thing, though, lay in the fact that the machine was broken and wouldn't weigh at all; so that the Countess put down any weight she liked, as, for instance, the Dook Snook—who, as you know, can't get within a foot of regulation, in spite of the two pairs of stays he wears—she put down as two tons. I think she was rather spiteful to some of the poor girls, too, and they did not half like it. One I saw tearing her ticket up into little bits said she did not know whose hands it might fall into, and might do her a serious injury.

THE dear Countess got into trouble the other day by one of her little judy sprces. She is so s.p. aged. Her shoemaker, who had been putting brass tips on her dainty *botteens*, called with his bill—half a crown. "Here's two bob and a kick for you," said her ladyship, handing him, however, a florin only, by mistake. "I don't see the kick," said he. The Countess could not resist the chance, and a moment after he felt it. But he summoned her ladyship all the same, and she has had to pay five pounds and costs.

A LITTLE canary flew into a rage,
And stamped his foot on the floor of his cage,
Singing: "Let me out!
I want to fly about;
It's very wrong, you know,
To keep me pent up so;
My prison's small and narrow,
Its bars are strong and thick,
I wish I were a sparrow—
Poor little dick!"

Then, madly forward whirling,
He banged his little head,
And when the house was stirring
They found him, it is said,
Defunct as any herring
And as a door-nail dead.

THE magistrate at Marlborough Street has decided that a suit of evening dress clothes is a "tool," when it belongs to a waiter, as being necessary for the carrying on of his business. The friendly societies, therefore, which insure the proprietors of "tools" against loss by fire will know the risk they run when waiters are their clients. "Keep your tools well greased," seems to be a motto of every waiter!

"I LO' her right weel, mon!" said the Scot, after they had both drunk the Queen's health with fervour. "I love her right and left wheel, sir!" responded his English friend. But then, you see, he was a volunteer.

ALLY, as you know, does not often mix in low society, but the other night he was persuaded to attend a dinner party in Belgrave Square. The host was a young *parvenue* newly married, and he had secured a couple of hungry honourables, and had booked a poor baronet to ornament his table. "Charming fellow, the Dook Snook," said one of the honourables. "Oh, ya-as, charming," chimed in the host. "You know him then?" "Well—I—er—I've met him in—er—society." The poor baronet lifted up his grey head, and asked, "Who introduced you?" "Oh—er—I—er," stammered the host, getting rather red, "I wasn't exactly introduced—I—in point of fact—I—was at a public ball with his Grace, and I—er—danced with a girl he'd been dancing with."

MISS SLOPER AT THE BOTANICAL.

EVERY well-regulated girl ought to study botany. I don't mean out of a book. Botany is plants and things, such as weeds, and you pick them up on hills, and in valleys, and places, or get some one else to pick them up for you, which isn't so tiring.



The Arrival of Tootsie and Lord Bob.

If you pick up a weed yourself, you ask any one who's with you (a man thing, I mean), what's the scientific name for it, and then he thinks deeply, and says its so and so. You repeat the words and say, "How strange!" and forget all about it a minute afterwards. Perhaps he don't know himself (most likely doesn't), but that doesn't matter—he never owns up. On the whole, by the way, I think it is a more sensible plan to let some one else pick the things for you. I have known a girl fall in a ditch trying to get hold of some rubbishing bit of a weed. She botanized no more. The great danger to beginners, too, who don't know much of fields and hedges, is an awful plant called a stinging-nettle.



The Dook and Billy forget themselves.

This is a most lamb-like-looking thing if you don't know it, but if you pull it about for a minute with a bare hand, you are likely never to forget the sensation till your dying day. By some providential arrangement there is a plant called a dook almost always growing close by the head quarters of nettles, a leaf of which, squeezed and rubbed on the stung place, cures the irritation. Artful people know how to handle nettles so as not to get hurt. The lower side of the leaves, they say, don't sting. Then, again, they say, "Nettles don't sting this month." That's a nasty, spiteful joke. They mean it doesn't sting the month itself, but it stings you all the same. I can't say I see the fun in that joke, as I told Lord Bob at the time. But you won't touch a nettle at all, if you take my advice.



Tootsie, Strawberry and Creams, and Mashas at the same time

Really the best way of studying botany is at the Summer Fête in the Botanical Society's grounds. Bob took me on Wednesday Night. The Dook and Billy behaved dreadfully. Have you ever been? If not, go next year if you possibly can. You'll learn all about it in no time. It's extremely jolly, and the strawberries and cream—simply too lovely!

THE OLD FIRM!!!

With the sole object of benefiting mankind generally, and with no desire whatever of popularizing the "HALF-HOLIDAY," we are ready to forward, GRATIS, to any address any ONE of the following, on receipt of the cost of postage, in stamps:—

1. PORTRAIT, IN COLOURS, OF A. SLOPER, ESQ.
(On receipt of 3d., the cost of postage.)
2. PORTRAIT, IN COLOURS, OF MISS TOOTSIE SLOPER.
(On receipt of 3d., the cost of postage.)
3. THE EMINENT'S AUTOGRAPH.
(On receipt of 1d., the cost of postage.)

* * The Stamps are for the cost of Postage, the Portraits and Autograph being given free of cost.

Address—A. SLOPER, Esq.,
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

LIKES.

ONCE a poor rhymster wrote
In the praise of a coat,
When its nap was worn off, and betraying its threads;
And he told of the charm,
And the ease to each arm,
When his elbows were poking right through the weak shreds.

And a trav'ler, in rhyme,
Did declare naught so prime
As the comfort he found in an old wide-awake;
While a wicked young flirt
With a laugh did assert
There was nothing like having a heart none could break!

But I will not rehearse
Others' likes in my verse,
For I've something to mention which ev'ry one suits;
'Tis—there's nothing on earth
So conducive to mirth
As the comfort and ease of an old pair of boots!

'ARRY'S 'OLIDAY.

A CORRECT GUIDE FOR THE SAME.

'AVING got yer 'oliday, the next thing to do is to get yer 'oliday togs. To do this, 'ook off to Messrs. Shoddy and Son, and invest in their famous Tourist soot at One nineteen nine. N.B.—A yaller stripe on a broad check is the H.O.K. thing this 'ear.
2. Next buy a noo tile, Halpine 'at with pheasant's feather stuck in 'im, and a eighteen-penny crutch-stick, so as there can be no bloomin' error for the gals not to take yer for a real nob.
3. Then lay in a stock of penny smokes, as you may puff in every cove's face as you go down. This proves you to be quite the proper toff.
4. Be sure and stare yer 'ardest at hevery gal. If you meet gals by themselves you can chaff 'em. If the gals don't like it, all the better fun; but when they speak to a peeler 'ook it sharp.
5. If you "run" to Margit, prommynde harm-in-harm with yer pal on the jetty, and make yer remarks on the parties as pass so as they can hear. This takes down the swells, but if one of 'em should kick you, say as you didn't mean it for 'im.
6. In the hevenin' put on a pair of white kids, and do the 'All; it's that plummy, and the gals is real jam to dance with. When the 'All's over, you and yer pal can prommynde the parade singin' comic songs with the chorus as loud as hever you can bawl. Wot the parties as want to go to sleep wants is nothin' to you.

HOW TO JUDGE OF A HORSE.

FIRST of all, take his head in your hands and look him full in the face. If he doesn't flinch, but looks at you back again, he is an honest horse, let me tell you that. Next offer him a biscuit or a ginger-bread nut. This will induce him to open his mouth, and you will have an opportunity of seeing how many teeth he has. If he has thirty-six in the top row and forty-eight in the bottom, he has enough teeth for any horse. If, however, you catch sight of a gold plate attached to the roof of his mouth, you may be sure he has got some false teeth—perhaps a whole set. You will find this a great nuisance, as they will have to be taken out every night and put in every morning. As a rule, you'll find ostlers don't like the job. They say they won't be bothered with it. In order to judge of a horse's temper, go to the rear of him; then take his tail, divide it into four, and plait it all the way down. As a further test, put one of his hind legs in a sling. If he stands quiet and doesn't exhibit any impatience, then—take my advice—buy the horse at once, if you've got the money. If you haven't, borrow it. It will be a sin to let him go. He is the nearest approach to a Christian that you can get in a quadruped. He is almost too good for an earthly stable. Take my advice, have him!

WHAT IN THE SEA I SAW.

As I was lying on the shore
A maiden in the sea I saw,
All clothed in classic raiment white—
In truth, she was a lovely sight.

She had no comb nor looking-glass,
Albeit a good-looking lass;
She had no tail that I could see;
She could not then a mermaid be.

I looked at her, and she at me:
"Tell me, fair damsel, who you be."
"Aphrodite! I am she,"
Answered the maiden unto me.

And then before me rose a mist,
And when it cleared the miss I missed;
But whether she swam out of sight,
Or disappeared as does a kite,
I do not know, so cannot say,
But I've not seen her from that day.

UNCLE SCREW.

HE was not naturally a very generous old gentleman, but he felt it incumbent upon him to give a certain bride-elect a wedding gift, and he also felt it unsatisfactory to his law of life to do so. It vexed him and worried him much; he spent restless days and sleepless nights thinking the matter over, and at last his friends began to think he was sickening for measles or something else, he had such a bad look. One morning, however, a broken cream-jug suggested a happy thought. He walked to the West-end with jauntily step and bright eye, and entering a china warehouse with the assurance of a rich purchaser, inquired, after skirting round the subject for some time, if they ever by accident broke any valuable crockery.

The shopkeeper said, Alas! they often did! In fact, only that morning they had broken a large and valuable Sevres vase into many pieces. This was sad for the shopkeeper; but the old man brightened still more visibly, and he bought it—the vase, or them, the pieces—for a mere song, and desiring they should be as carelessly packed as possible, he gave the bride-elect's name and address, and his own card to be closed, and came out into the air with relief and joy on his countenance. This lovely vase—his gift—would reach its destination, but broken—broken by rough portage!

The idea was brilliant, and he felt as though life were almost worth living, until he met the bride's mother, who, in cold tones, assured him his present had arrived, each costly piece carefully and separately wrapped up!

It was cruel of that china warehouseman, and simply brutal to that poor yet rich old gentleman, when he meant so well.

THE RIGMAROLE RELATING TO A DOOK (NOT SNOOK).

I AM an unmarried person of a certain age and the highest respectability, and my name is Martha. I have a little independency and much leisure time, and my object in life is to befriend needy members of the British aristocracy.



A Handsome Cab Fare.

My experience has taught me that the British aristocracy in reduced circumstances are not humble. They are a proud race even when penniless. Try them yourself. Go down to Hampton Court next Sunday, and look for a lady of title's door-plate down among the ground-floor passages, and ring the bell, and ask to see the lady of title, and when you see her, say, "It seems to me, ma'am, that for a party with a handle to her name such as you've got, that your furniture is precious shabby, and that you yourself look as though you didn't have half enough to eat; so if a five-pound note is of any service to you now's your time, and we'll fix no date for its repayment." You say that, and see what they'll do. I have tried it, and I know. Sometime since I read in the paper that many of Hansom's patent safety cabs were driven by reduced noblemen, and I formed the resolution of relieving one or two at least from so painful a position. It struck me that there could be no great difficulty in ascertaining which were the noblemen. I felt thoroughly convinced that there was no disguising a nobleman. The Blue Blood will out, I said to myself; and putting on my best Sunday spectacles, I sallied forth and gazed long and steadfastly. The first thing that happened was that the first cabman I fixed drove from the rank and drew up in front of me, and upon my saying I did not want him he used dreadful language. This made me think I ought to be more careful for the future, and I only took hurried glances. With hurried glance, however, I somehow could not satisfactorily decide, and I therefore deemed it advisable to seek assistance. I have a relation who is a duke's butler, and I asked him as a personal favour to allow me an opportunity of seeing his duke, so that I might have a pattern in my eye to choose the other noblemen by, because hitherto, except in pictures and upon the stage, I had never seen a nobleman. My relation gladly agreed to my request, and placing me on a chair in the entrance hall, told me to wait patiently until his Grace passed by. I took a seat and trembled.

About ten minutes a mean little man, in a billycock hat, came whistling along the passage as cheeky as you please, carrying a chisel in one hand and a hammer in the other, and passed by into the dining-room, where I heard him hard at work and whistling louder than ever. About an hour after this my relation came to find me. "I am awfully sorry," he said, "but the fact is I quite forgot you. Have you seen the duke?" "No," said I, not best pleased either at being so neglected; "there's been nobody here but a carpenter chap, who's in the dining-room now—him you hear whistling."

"Him whistling!" said my relation. "Why, that's the duke! He's got a taste for doing odd jobs about the house. It amuses him, and it don't hurt us, so we let him do 'em." I went away thoroughly upset after this. I said to myself, How am I ever to find a nobleman if there is nothing to tell him by—not even a star on his breast, or a garter outside his trouser leg, or a coronet upon his brow? And then, all at once, it occurred to me that the best plan would be to consult a waterman.

I found a waterman, and told him what I wanted. He said, "I myself am of noble birth, and all the cabmen here are men of my rank," and then he said he would like to drink my health. He did so, and then I asked him for further information. There were at the time twelve noblemen on his rank, and I was hardly prepared to provide pensions on so large a scale. I therefore determined to relieve the one who had occupied the most exalted position, and asked if there were an Earl. The waterman said, "We're out of Earls just at present, but we've got a Markis."

I gave my address to the waterman, and bade him request for me the honour of a visit some time that afternoon. On my arrival at home, and before I had had time to take my bonnet off, his lordship arrived. He wore a tail-coat and a shirt-frill, and another cabman drove him. I was all in a tremble when he knocked. "Markis!" I said; "you are old and ugly and poor and shabby. Your shirt-frill is well enough, but possibly it is unattached to a shirt."

My name is MARTHA. I have a little independency. I am unmarried. "Madam," he replied, "my wants are few, and shirts are not among them. My income is sufficient. I prefer freedom. Good morning."

I was hurt, I own, yet not discouraged. Once more I sought out the waterman, and he recommended a Dook. The Dook was younger than the Markis. He had a noble presence and a new hat. "Duke," I said to him, "your appearance is mean, your head is unintellectual, your hat has been ironed. My name is MARTHA. I have a little independency. I am unmarried."

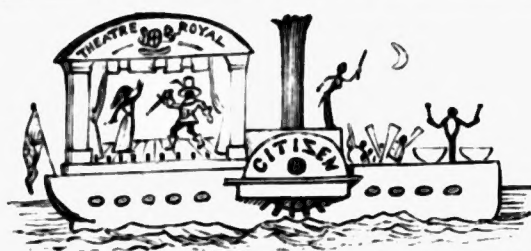
"Madam," he replied, "my head is good enough for my hat, and I had my hat ironed because I chose. I haven't an independency myself, but I've a wife and four children, and that's quite enough for me." He then went. I stop the press to say that I have met with a real baronet who drives a four-wheeler, to whom I have lent five pounds, and who says he thinks he is a widower. Should he turn out not to be quite so much widowed as he believes, I am told that there is an unhappy nobleman, at whose disposal, when he is ready to begin another trial, I shall be only too happy to place my little independency.



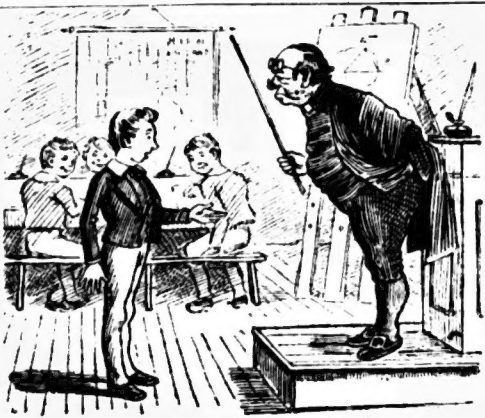
The Dook.



BOULTER'S LOCK, MAIDENHEAD, DURING HENLEY REGATTA.



ALLY'S Steam Launch at Henley, with Grand Variety Entertainment on Board

MY LORD, MY LADY, AND THE PAGE.
The Page appears to be having the best of it. What do you think?

Now, Sir, hold out your hand!

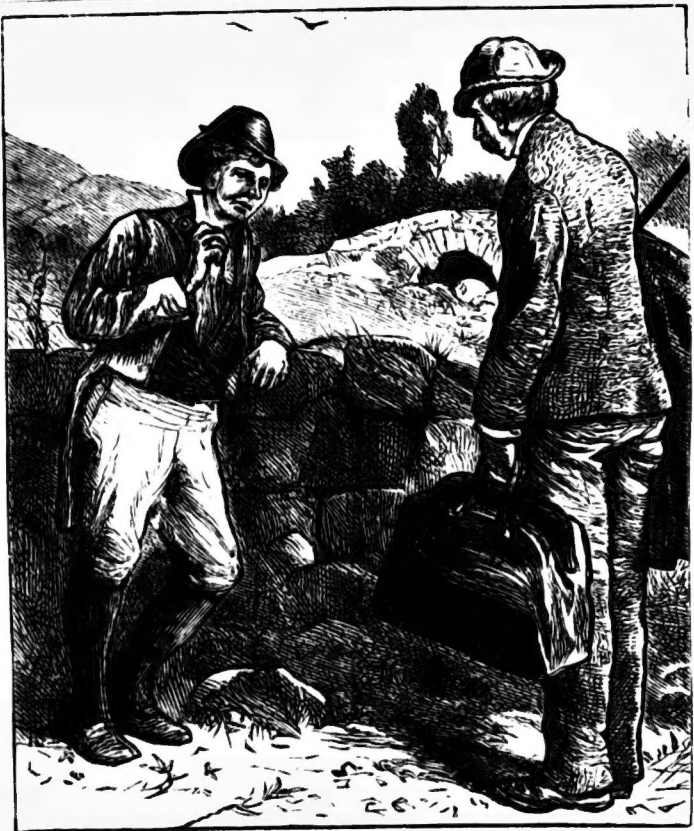


Arrival of 'Atty at Ramsgate. Please to note the luggage—the bag contains one collar and a toothbrush.



HE-HAW!

Great Personage (in those Parts). My good man, is there a carriage road up the cliff anywhere round that point? Man. Naw; but there be a donkey-path, if that'll suit 'ee!



IRISH.

Lanilford (who has been away some time, comes back and meets one of a large family). "Is that you, Dan?" "No, Sorr." "Is it you, then, Mike?" "No, Sorr." "Deuce take you all! is it you, then, Barney?" "Sure sorr, it was jist me melvry toime."

"Mother, know ye not your Marmaduke?"
"Marmaduke!—that name?—no—yes—it is my long-lost boy!"

Athletics.—Tossing the gentle Caber.



HOW IT HAPPENED AT HASTINGS.

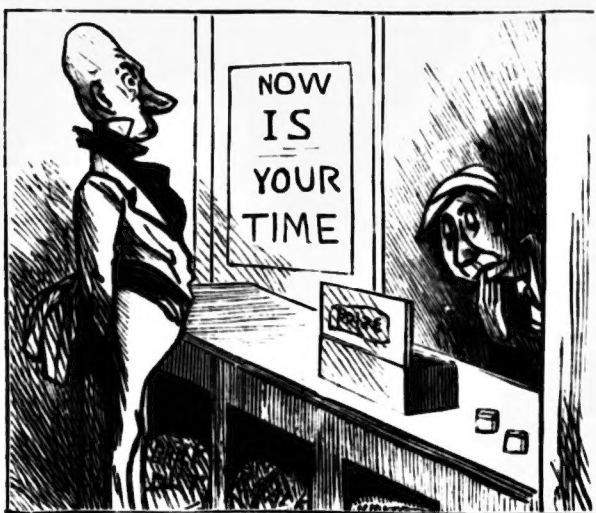
Young Brute at Back. This is the Lover's seat, Jack, and here are the lovers. Everything's provided, you see, all gratis and free of charge.
[But that interrupted the old Josses, and her chance never came again.]

SLOPER'S LATEST.

*. A. SLOPER, Esq., the celebrated Confectioner, has recently opened a Stall in Old London at the Inventories.



1. Intense excitement manifested by juvenile visitors in the immediate neighbourhood of SLOPER'S stall. Crowds assemble.



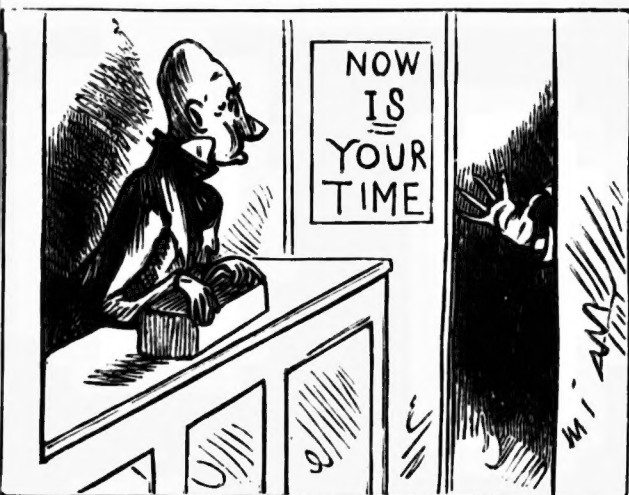
2. Entrance of juvenile visitor. Uncertainty of the same, and somewhat prolonged hesitation as to which packet to pick from.



3. The process of selection still further prolonged. Justifiable impatience on the part of A. SLOPER.



4. 'Ain't got nothink in it? Wanted a gold watch and a diamond ring, I suppose?'



5. "Look here! Where's your penny?" "Yah!"



6. SLOPER mobbed! Demolition of stock! Anarchy! Chaos!



MORE LARKS—July 3rd, Dog Days begin.



Yer don't 'appen to 'ave a screw 'er shag about yer, guv'nor?



More German Bands.

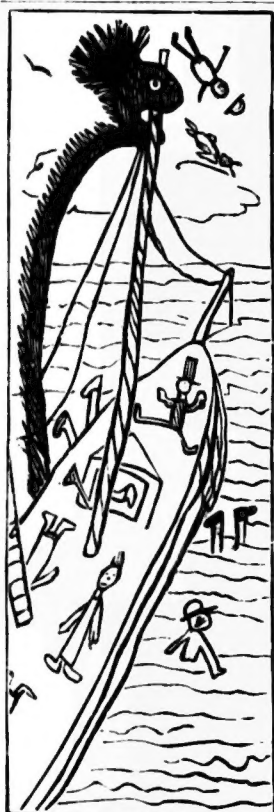


Puffing Billy, No 92 X.



Bathing Costume, constructed to meet the wishes of the British Matron.

ALLY'S "ROYAL ACADEMY COMPETITION" PRIZE DRAWING.



First and Early Appearance of the "Sea Sarpint"



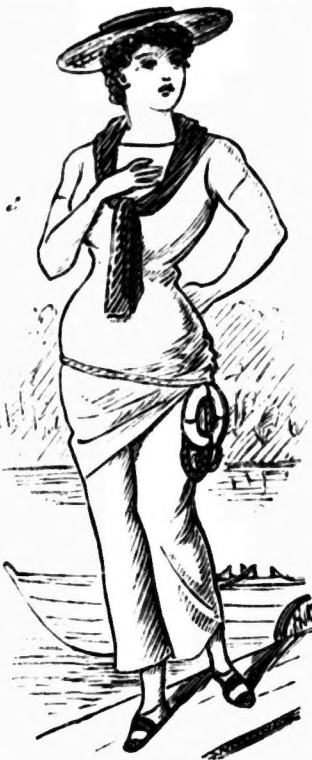
No. 276 (Academy Catalogue).

A READING FROM HOMER.—SLOPER.

By Thomas F. DUNN, Scenic Artist, Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne.—(With ALLY'S love to L. ALMA TADEMA R.A.)

ALLY-CAMPANE.

"HENLEY, the Mecca of the rowing man, and one of the most favourite places of pilgrimage for anglers," says Charles Dickens, "is a prosperous-looking town, set down in a pleasant valley almost entirely surrounded by well-wooded heights, and is as good a place to stay at for the tourists who take an interest either in oars or rods, punts, or water-boats as can well be desired. The proprietor of the 'Catherine Wheel Hotel' has expressed his desire to reduce his tariff in the winter fishing months to anglers, and place them on the same reasonable rates as the commercial travellers." Miss Sloper, who stayed there at last year's Regatta—as every well-regulated girl should who objects to sleeping on a steam-launch—says Lord Bob grumbled awfully at the bill; but then there had been crackers let off in the bar-parlour the night before, and glasses are scarce at Henley during the Regatta week.



last season that a particularly well-bred young lady in society had adopted the fashion. The Elderly and Ancient Old Man is glad to hear there is to be an improvement in girls' manners. It isn't before it was wanted.

An execution at Hackensack Gaol of a negro was remarkable for the callousness displayed by the culprit on the night before the execution took place—he insisted on playing dominoes with his keepers. Whilst dressing for the execution, which he did in a somewhat elaborate manner, with a white vest, black trousers, and coat, in which latter was displayed a couple of roses, he turned to the keepers and said, "The circus commences at nine, and there will be no postponement on account of the weather." The father of the condemned man endeavoured, before the execution, to get bets on that his son would "die like a man." He offered to bet 20 dols. on this score.

"An extraordinary flight of Lady-Birds distinguished the annals of Margate and Ramsgate last year. They covered the coast for miles, extending all the way to Herne Bay, and even as far as Gravesend. They were supposed to have been brought from London, as the decks of the steamers were completely strewn with them. The piers at all the watering-places, the hotels, the tea-gardens, the shrub-parlours, were immediately occupied; and it was a matter of difficulty, soon after their arrival, to find a single bed empty. The inhabitants foolishly imagine that these Lady-Birds commit a deal of injury, and they do everything they can to drive them away from the place; they lay traps in the windows to catch them, consisting of a piece of cardboard, on which is inscribed a charm, of two simple words 'TO LET.' Directly the Lady-Bird sees this, she knocks at the door, and flies into the house; but when once she is inside, she is subject to all the little persecutions which, since the sea-side was discovered, have been showered upon the poor race of Lady-Birds. She is teased out of her life; she is not allowed to eat anything in comfort; her meals are taken away from her; till at last her whole enjoyment is poisoned, and she is glad to wing her way back to London." [Dear Lady-Bird of to-day, this is what Mr. Horace Mayhew wrote in the year 1848. Does it not equally apply to this year of grace—1885.]

A SHOCKINGLY exhausted aeronaut was picked up out of the sea by the Newhaven packet the other day. He had ascended at Lille, hoping to land near Paris. Contrary currents, however, took the balloon seawards over Calais and Boulogne, rendering a descent impracticable. After passing over the latter city he lost sight of land and drifted down the Channel, the car being in contact with the water.

THE Evolutionary Squadron in Bantrey Bay has not had altogether a gay time of it. Four vessels of the fleet, including the *Hercules*, on board which ship an accident occurred while her topmasts were being lowered, the tackle of which was carried away and fell on a petty officer, had to move to Glengarriff. Several torpedo boats were damaged, and the divers engaged on the wreck of the *Leander* had all their work cut out in the endeavour to bring her into dock. However, under the auspices of Lord George Hamilton, the new "First Lord," and fine weather, things may be expected to be arranged a little more "ship-shape!"

Two ladies have just distinguished themselves as *wranglers* at Cambridge. Miss Sloper has it on the authority of Lord Bob that they are by no means the first ladies who have thus distinguished themselves.

THE fence time for coarse fish, which lasts from the 15th March to the 15th of June, having expired, the Thames now presents a brave shore of anglers. It is a little singular to read in an angler's book, published some forty years ago, that while pike and perch fishing seemed to be followed only occasionally, "as it is very uncertain sport in the Thames," trout were fairly numerous.



now, the proper thing for the angler, was to perch upon the top of a pile, with the uproar and gallop of the weir flood beneath him, and spin patiently for the expected monster. It was the Thames that inspired Jesse to recommend to his brethren of the Walton and Cotton Fishing Club the old song:—

"Come, lay by all cares, and hang up all sorrow,
Let's angle to-day, and ne'er think of to-morrow:
And by the brook-side, as we angle along,
We'll cheer up ourselves with our sport and a song.

"There void of all care, we're more happy than they
That sit upon thrones, and kingdoms do sway:
For sceptres and crowns disquiet still bring,
But the man that's content is more blest than a king."

It is worth while making an effort to recover one hundred thousand pounds worth of specie in the form of five dollar gold pieces from the bottom of the sea, thirty fathoms deep. This is what Captain Stephens and his band of trained divers left Liverpool for the Grand Canary to undertake. The *Alphonse XII.*, a Spanish ship, was sunk there in the month of February last, with all that amount of specie on board, of which whatever is recovered will go to the underwriters.

News has been received from Brass River of a shocking case of cannibalism. It seems that a powerful Prince, when trading in a native village, was shot at and wounded in the shoulder. This would be murder, who fired from behind a tree, was traced to a village some miles away, but after this nothing more was seen of him. The Prince therefore seized as hostages nine of the men from the village. At the entreaty of the King of the village, the Prince promised that no harm should be done the men if the native who wounded him were given up. A few days afterwards, however, he changed his mind and killed all of the nine men. The bodies were afterwards cooked and eaten. The Prince was much believed in by the missionaries.

THE political situation is supposed just now to be shaking society to the centre, and nobody can think or talk of anything else. The readers of the "HALF-HOLIDAY," I am informed, pass sleepless nights. As everybody knows so much—even more than there is to know—A. SLOPER feels he would be wasting time to say more upon the subject; besides, he has not recently read his Daily Paper.

At Windsor, two boys sued a commercial traveller for the purpose of recovering a five pound Bank of England note, which, it was alleged, he had unlawfully detained, under somewhat singular circumstances. The wife of a captain had a five pound note blown away by the wind. One of the bold boys found what was supposed to be the missing note, and, not knowing its value, gave it to the other bold boy to make a cigarette with. The commercial, on coming out of a shop, looked at the note, and gave the boy two shillings for it. Subsequently he went to the police station, and reported its finding, but declined to return it, as he had advertised it, and did not consider it the note that was lost. He also said he should keep it for twelve months, and if not then claimed, would divide it between the two bold boys, the Commercial Travellers' Schools, and the Home for Little Boys. The Judge gave judgment for the Plaintiffs, with costs.

A SINGULAR funeral lately took place in Paris. A wealthy bourgeois, tired of his life, and caring nothing for his relations, made a will in favour of the Prefect of the Seine, and then proceeded to hang himself. The succession is estimated at about £6,000. The Prefect executed the first instructions of the testator, which were to give him a decent funeral and to pay two francs to any poor person of his *arrondissement* who would follow his corpse to the grave. He also issued 3,000 invitations, and a string of fully 2,000 claimants for two francs appeared as mourners on the morning. The clergy of St. Jacques refused admission to the church on account of the suicide, and the *cortège* proceeded to Père Lachaise.

TOURNAMENTS, or jousts, according to Lord Bob, Miss Sloper understands, are of Trojan origin. The tournament is a martial sport or exercise which the ancient cavaliers used to perform to show their bravery and address. It is derived from the French word *tourner*, "to turn round," because to be expert in these exercises much agility was necessary, both of horse and man. The Military Tournament which took place last week at the Agricultural Hall was, as usual, a great success. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge formally inaugurated the exhibition, and Miss Sloper thought the "military ride" of the Royal Horse Guards, in their bright cuirasses and helmets, quite too fetching.

A "VERY valuable black French poodle" was recently advertised for sale, with the added recommendation that he "understood German." The unpatriotic conduct of any French poodle which is willing to make such an admission is to be reprehended. He should certainly be "cut" by every Parisian dog which retains any self-respect.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 11TH.

5th July, 1704.—John Broughton, the noted pugilist, was born on this day. The rules of the ring, including those regarding rounds, and the interval of half a minute between each, were the production of Broughton, who kept a booth for the exhibition of boxing in the Tottenham Court Road. It seems to have been on the decline of sword-combat exhibitions, in the reign of George I., that the comparatively harmless amusement of boxing arose. There appears to have been no such thing known at an earlier date. Broughton was the first who stood in the position of champion—a distinction which he held for eighteen years. His most notable patron was the Duke of Cumberland, so noted for his butcheries after the battle of Culloden. He once took Broughton with him to the Continent, and on showing him the grenadier guards at Berlin, asked the pugilist what he thought of any of those fellows for a "set-to," to which Broughton replied that he would have no objection to take up the whole regiment, if he were only allowed a breakfast between each two battles. The father, as he may be called, of the "noble English art," died in January, 1779, at a very advanced age, and lies buried in Lambeth churchyard.

6th July, 1871.—A double murder was this day perpetrated in the department of Indre-et-Loire, in France. A man named Delalande, known for his dissipated habits, killed M. de Vonne, the Mayor of Saché; and as the curate, an old man of 78 years, was bringing the holy oil to anoint the body of the deceased, the assassin fired again, and the curate fell, mortally wounded. The terror caused by these murders was so great among the inhabitants, that the body of the curate was suffered to remain three hours in the public road.

7th July, 1807.—"God save Great James, our King," composed by Dr. John Bull, was this day first vocalized in Merchant Taylors' Hall, by the choir of the Royal Chapel, the King himself being present. The British National Anthem of to-day, which bears some resemblance in language to the Roman Catholic "*Domine Salvem*," was first sung at a dinner of the London Mercers' Company, on George II.'s birthday, 1740, and appears in the "*Harmonia Anglicana*," of 1742, and *Gentleman's Magazine*, of 1745. Both words and music are now generally assigned to Henry Cary, who was born in London about 1696, and died 1743. They were long ascribed to Dr. John Bull, on account of his anthem above named. For further particulars see Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time."

8th July, 1811.—The papers of this date report that "For several days a boy, nine years old, the son of a tradesman in the neighbourhood of Paddington, had been missing. Not returning home from school at his usual hour, search was made for him. He was found dead in one of the vaults of St. George's Chapel, Paddington. The body was standing against the wall of the vault. His bag, with his school-books, was on his shoulder. There were several coffins in the vault. It is conjectured that the boy had been led there by curiosity to see a funeral, and that having been inadvertently shut in, he died of fright."

8th July, 1790.—Renwick Williams, known in London as the "Monster," was this day convicted of cutting the garments of Miss Porter. Williams was a dancing-master, and for years a great nuisance in London, where he used to prowl about by night, with a double-edged knife, mutilating women.

8th July, 1848.—This day, to test the effect of an eclipse upon animals, five healthy linnets were put into a cage together and fed; at the end of it, three of them were found dead; a dog which had long been kept fasting, and which was eating hungrily when the eclipse commenced, left his food as soon as the darkness set in; a colony of ants which had been working actively, suddenly ceased from their labours at the same moment.

9th July, 1874.—Vincent de Groof, a Belgian, known as "The Flying Man," was this day killed while attempting to descend in a newly invented parachute from a Crenorne balloon when about eighty feet from the ground. De Groof appeared to have overbalanced himself after detaching his machine, and fell forward clinging to the ropes, when the apparatus collapsed, and, to the horror of the spectators, fell with great violence into Robert Street, Chelsea. Madame de Groof, who witnessed her husband's fall, fainted at the sight. In De Groof's case, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of death by misadventure, but expressed an opinion that such exhibitions should be stopped by legislative interference.

9th July, 1794.—Seventy-one persons were this day guillotined in Paris. The original Italian machine was called *Maunaja*; it was a clumsy affair, first employed to decapitate Beatrice Cenci in Rome, A.D. 1600.

9th July, 1851.—Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, this day attended an entertainment given by the Corporation of London, in the Guildhall, in honour of the great Exhibition. The supper-tables were laid out with great splendour, and among the rare wines produced from the civic cellars was sherry 105 years old, which had been bottled for the Emperor Napoleon. The ancient name by which sherry was known in England was sack, a name inseparably connected with Sir John Falstaff. "It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and credulous vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetful, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which delivered o'er to the voice (the tongue), which is the fifth, becomes excellent wit. . . . If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be,—to forswear their potations, and addict themselves to sack."

10th July, 1877.—A fine tigress was killed near the London and North Western Railway at Long Buckley this day. The station-master at Weedon was informed of its escape on its way to Liverpool, and that it was prowling about in a field near. He gathered some friends, and with some officers from the Weedon garrison went to the spot on an engine. The animal was discovered near the line, her movement having been watched from a telegraph post by a porter who had sighted her. A number of country people acting as beaters, she was finally put to death after receiving no less than eight rifle bullets, besides several charges of small shot. The animal belonged to Mr. Jamrack, of Ratcliffe Highway, and was despatched by the 8.20 train from Broad Street, in what is called a "low-sided junction waggon." While at large it had managed to kill and partly devour a couple of sheep.

10th July, 1851.—William Canty, one of the last of the "receivers" or "putters-up" of bank and jewel robberies, was this day sentenced to ten years' transportation for stealing, in company with another, the cash-box of the London and Westminster Bank. The officials had been warned of the intended design on their premises, and substituted dead weight for the ordinary precious contents of the box. The two thieves were seized with it in their possession a few minutes after leaving the bank.

10th July, 1872.—Mrs. Squires and her daughter Christiana, news-vendors in Hoxton, were this day beaten to death in their shop, and the premises robbed by some person unknown, who has never been discovered!

11th July, 1797.—Charles Macklin, the comedian, died this day in his 107th year. As an actor he was distinguished for his performance of Shylock, Sir Archy, in his own comedy of *Love à la Mode*, and other parts in which sarcasm forms the leading trait of character. His last appearance on the stage was in his 100th year, in the character of Shylock. Macklin seems to have been mainly indebted for his long life to a vigorous constitution. He never was an abstemious man. His favourite beverage was ale, porter, or white wine thickened to the consistence of a syrup with sugar. He ate when he was hungry, at any hour of the day or night, drank when he was thirsty, and went to bed or arose just as he felt inclined, without reference to time.

11th July, 1868.—Mr. Peppys writes in his Diary of this date:—"To the King's playhouse, to see an old play of Shirley's, called *Hide Parke*: the first day acted; where horses are brought upon the stage: but it is but a very moderate play; only an excellent epilogue spoke by Beck Marshall." The first notice of theatrical performances in England is by Matthew Paris, who relates that in the year 1110, one Geoffrey, a learned Norman, master of the school of the Abbey of Dunstable, composed the play of *St. Catherine*, which was acted by his scholars. Geoffrey borrowed copes from the sacrist of the neighbouring Abbey of St. Alban's to dress his characters.

THE RHYME OF THE MINSTREL'S REVENGE.

TALK not to me of nightingales,
Of linnets or of larks;
In England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales,
None sung like Rims Seves Parkes.



Wishing for a Change.

And to this end declared he would
A nigger minstrel be.

In truth it was a funny whim,
For Parkes, I'd have you know,
Was something of a dandy trim,
Dressed always *comme il faut*.

Of singing he had learnt the knack,
And did it marvellous well;
But why he wished his face to black
Is more than I can tell.

He came to town and there began
His fancy to pursue,
And with a leading "nigger" man
He sought an interview.

"Listen," said he, "you will rejoice;
I sing like any bird;
I really have the sweetest voice
You ever yet have heard."

He sang "Good bye, Sweetheart, good bye,"
"My pretty Jane," sang he;
At "Silver Threads" he made a try,
And shouted "Nancy Lee."

The minstrel said, "No more, I pray,
But Parkes would not be warned;
He sang the song of Biscay's Bay—
The nigger minstrel yawned!"

The sweet-voiced tenor chirped right through
His lengthy repertoire;
The minstrel thought "What can I do
To stop this horrid bore?"

He said, "Young Mr. Parkes, pray cease,
I cannot judge your case,
Unless you take lamp-black and grease,
And nigger-fy your face."

"I've known a host of talent bright
(Of talent there's no lack)
Who sang like cherubim in white,
But couldn't sing in black."

Come, Parkes—I'm sure you'll not say no"
He chuckled as he spoke,
"And p'raps I'll give you then a show"
(This was the minstrel's joke).

Poor Parkes besmeared himself with glee,
Daubed eyes, and ears, and nose;
Much blacker than Othello he,
Still blacker than the crows.

He reckoned now his fortune made,
And sang a song or two.
The minstrel said, "Parkes, I'm afraid
You'll really never do."

"Try honest industry, my man,
'T will suit you to a T,
But be quite sure you never can
A nigger minstrel be."

"And now I'm really forced to say
I've waiting friends below,
So Mr. Parkes, you're in the way—
I really wish you'd go."

Said Parkes, "Give me some water, pray!"
Said t'other, "You're too late;
It was cut off this very day
For long neglected rate."

There's not a drop now to be had—
Parkes made a great menace;
"This, sir, is very much too bad,
Just see my blackened face."

"How can I walk the thoroughfares?
Oh, give me water, please—
My flight will be a flight of stares—
I beg you, on my knees."

"No, no, young man; unasked you came
And bored me with your song,
With you, not me, lies all the blame—
I wish you'd go along!"

He went. You should have seen the sight,
And witnessed his disgrace;
In truth, a most unlucky wight,
With very blackened face.

No more believing that he would
In fame take high degree,
He's now convinced he never could
A nigger minstrel be.



Much Changed.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

* In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S OFFICE, HORSE GUARDS, S.W.
MR. H. P. HOPKINS begs to acknowledge the receipt of the "Award of Merit," which ALLY SLOPER has been good enough to confer upon Lord Wolsley.

Mr. Hopkins will take care that, on Lord Wolsley's return from Egypt, the parcel shall be handed to him.

20th June, 1885.

MR. SLOPER—DEAR SIR.—Are there any shares for sale in this last venture of yours, the "HALF-HOLIDAY?" as it must be a great success. The week before last on the Monday, there were none at the Central Station, Newcastle, and I was in a dozen shops before I could get a copy, while another paper the same size was everywhere piles of them. Well, sir, I thought there must be something particular in that week that struck people to be really worth a penny. But this week, sir, I distinctly assert, without fear of contradiction, there is not a copy of the "HALF-HOLIDAY" in the town of Cardiff, Mr. Smith's bookstall at the station included.

I have been round every shop I could see myself, and advised them to order more, and I sent a boy round and promised him a shilling if he got me a copy, but have to go to sea without one. I'll take some shares at any price in reason, but won't pay in advance—mind that!

Yours, &c.,

B. Z. S.

MIDNIGHT MAIL, July 1, '85.

SIR.—Your explanation of a "pong" is very clear, I have no doubt—but I suppose I am exceedingly dull at comprehension, and not very conversant with the slang of your country, for at present I fail to find any definition of a "ramp," a "bash," or a "bender" that is satisfactory. P'raps you can enlighten me in your next issue, or is it even to difficult a question for you to solve, eh?—Yours, &c.,

ALLY SLOPER, Esq.

HENRY WILLISMER.

BEDLAM ASYLUM, July 1, '85.

ALLY.—Don't you envy those dashing young mashers with handsome silky moustaches? I send you an infallible receipt to grow one. "Every night, for a week, rub your upper lip with salt, and go to bed. Leave a glass of water in sight (*mind, reader—nothing stronger*), and presently the hairs will get thirsty and come out for a drink. As each hair emerges tie a knot in it, then it cannot go back, and by morning you will have a good number of hairs out, and by end of the week a flowing moustache. How much longer is the hat going to last!—Yours, &c.,

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, ALLY.

ADOLPHUS NATHANIEL.

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKED

A SHORT time ago a young fellow was crossing a common, not a hundred miles from Brentford, upon which a flock of fine geese were enjoying themselves.

Unfortunately the individual in question had been "looking at the wine when it was red," and in order to relieve himself of his exuberance of spirits, he picked up an old gander, and placed it under his arm. Three minutes later, and he was in charge of a constable, who had been quietly watching him from behind a bush. In the course of time he was brought before one of the great unpaid.

After witnesses as to character and respectability had been heard, the J.P. said, "Now, young man, what induced you to commit such a foolish action as to steal a goose?"

"I took it for a lark, your honour," replied the prisoner. "No, no! that is impossible," exclaimed the J.P., indignantly; "because every one knows that a lark is a very small bird. If you had told me the truth, I should have dismissed the case; but as you have had recourse to falsehood, I shall commit you for twenty-one days."

MORAL.—Always be literal when you are speaking to a J.P.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.

SHE's a trixy and bright little fairy
As ever in Eiland was seen;
Sometimes charming, and sometimes contrary,
Is my darling of sweet seventeen.

She for chocolate still owns affection,
And will sometimes consume gelatine;
She's a weakness for shops of confection,
Although she is sweet seventeen.

But sometimes the grey eyes will grow dreamy,
As if watching some far-distant scene;
And a flush tint the delicate creamy
Soft cheek of my sweet seventeen.

Can it be of me she is musing
When we played, I was king and she queen?
Does she know that my heart I was losing
To my darling, my sweet seventeen?

She comes to look over my reading—
On my shoulder a moment to lean.
"Do you love me?" in whisper, low pleading,
"Oh, yes! my own sweet seventeen."

SHARP'S THE WORD.

LUKE SHARP AS A BOY.

THE child, somebody says (a poet, I think, but I don't read poetry—it doesn't pay), the child is father to the man, and as a boy I was said to be sharp. I always even then looked after "Number One." I gained by the weakness of my schoolfellows. They wanted money for tarts and apples. I lent it to them. As security they gave me their pocket-knives, books, sleeve-links, &c. These generally became mine, as they seldom paid in time to recover them. I won marbles from the little boys. I did sums (Interest was my favourite) for the big boys—for pay. I courted the rich and ran their errands. Even my revenge I made profitable. Once Smiffkins offended me. A day or two later I proposed to him to go together in the evening and rob Squire Clod's orchard. Smiffkins was to work, I was to watch. I did watch, till he was well up a tree, and then I slipped off and told Squire Clod a boy was robbing his orchard. Smiffkins got a flogging, and I got the ten shillings reward for informing.

There's nothing like sharpness in this world.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A HONEYCOMB is made up of many cells—a honeymoon of one sell: a good buy one, sometimes.

TO MILLINERS.—What is most likely to become a fair-haired woman?—Why, a fair-haired little girl, to be sure!

AN Epitaph on a dead Roasted Duck—"Peas to his remains."

STORMS and babies generally begin with a squall.

You don't often hear of a policeman being run over—they are never in the way.

CURIOS.—The existence of a fish is actually *over* before it even comes to life!

CAN you liken a bad hat to a puppy-dog because its nap's awful?

MANY lackadaisical young ladies would be ashamed to talk of their long stockings, but you hear plenty of their heighos.

MICK harm the cheese when they can, and the girls charm the he's and they can't help it.

NO one wishes to have a bald head, but no one wishes to lose it when he has.

GOOD intentions are like fainting ladies—all they want is carrying out.

DOES a widower recover from the grief for the loss of the dear departed when he re-wives?

OH, THE BRUTE!—That dreadful man Boffin says he never saw a public execution, but he was once party to a marriage.

FOUR FLIRTS.

THEIR CARDS, AND HOW THEY PLAYED THEM.
(Commenced in No. 54.)

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

I had not a thought but to tell cousin Douglas, should I see him, which, of course, was most unlikely, that, though Sir Humphrey was so prejudiced against him, I did not share that prejudice, and I never paused to think what such an avowal might imply, but acted purely on impulse, as I had done all my life. Remember I was little more than a child in years, and quite a child in worldly knowledge.



"I seated myself on the moss-grown parapet."

Lovely as the old stone bridge had looked at sunset—cool and grey in shadow, while the topmost branches of the surrounding trees were crimsoned by the sun's last rays, it was solemnly, mysteriously, grandly beautiful in the chequered light of the moon, which threw such strange weird shadows across it, and conjured up in the thick copse a multitude of fantastic forms from which even I, with a nerve that never knew fear, started back from time to time, only to laugh the next moment at my folly.

I cannot tell you why I expected to find cousin Douglas on the bridge, but I did; and when I had crossed and recrossed it, and had seen nought but the moonlight shades, and had listened and heard nothing but the hooting of the owls, I felt solemn, sad, and weary—bitterly, bitterly disappointed.

I seated myself on the moss-grown parapet, and looked over at the turbulent streamlet, a torrent in winter, fretting and fuming its way amongst the boulders. I watched the waving fern, the purple heather, the distant moor, all reduced to the same one blue grey tint in the flare of moonlight, and—and—well, I felt there was something more, something better to live for than Beppo, and it was the first time in my life I had been faithless to my pony.

A thick cloud crossed the moon's face, and startled me by the pall of blackness which succeeded the flood of silver light. Shivering, I drew my shawl closer round me, and sad at heart with a nameless sorrow, I started slowly to retrace my steps.

I tried to sing, but the night seemed to press upon me and choke my voice; and then, as I laughed aloud at my own folly, it was as if a voice came from the depths of the oak copse to mock me.

Of course it was an echo—what else could it be? Yet it seemed strangely like another voice—not the repetition of my own.

I drew back into the deep shadow and waited, my eyes rigidly fixed in the direction from which I had heard that laugh proceed—that laugh which at first sounded but as the mockery of my own; and, in a few moments, I saw two figures emerge from the blackest shadow into that shade, tempered by reflected light, which enabled me to distinguish their forms, though not their faces.

The figures were man and woman; the woman leant upon the man's arm, and her face was turned looking upwards into his as in pictures I had seen lovers limned—pictures at which, in my ignorance—my innocence, which you will I had freely scoffed.

They were approaching me, and to avoid discovery I shrank back into the black shelter of the overhanging bushes, and quite secure from observation waited for them to pass me before resuming my midnight walk.

I could hear their voices, but not the words they spoke.

The man was cousin Douglas, the woman Lydia Trevor.

I hardly know how I got home. I only know I ran through bush and briar till I reached the house and my own room.

I never slept that night. Restlessly I tossed to and fro; again and again the scalding tears streamed from my eyes—Why?

I felt an utter desolation—a misery which I had never known before—a grief for which I could not or would not account—Why?

In the morning my head was weary as my limbs, my eyes were red, and I shrank shuddering from Lydia Trevor's customary kiss—Why?

CHAPTER III.

SINCE Lydia Trevor had, as the phrase goes, "formed me," my father, at rare intervals, permitted me to indulge in such solemn amusements and dissipations as our dull neighbourhood afforded, and two days after my never-to-be-forgotten meeting with cousin Douglas, I was to have accompanied Sir Humphrey to a party at the D'Aubigny's, but, at the last moment, he declared himself unable to attend, and deputed Mrs. Trevor, nothing loth, to take his place as my escort.

In such meetings I had no pleasure. The stock people of the neighbourhood I knew and disliked, the young men were afraid of me, and their mothers viewed me with horror and dismay. Had I been a silly society puppet, who moved as the dowagers pulled the strings, and talked like a conversation-book, I should have been popular; as it was, I was just tolerated as "the Houghton Towers girl," while I was held up to female youth, for twenty miles round, as "the frightful example," a something to be shunned, and only useful in the scale of humanity as showing what a young English lady ought not to be.

Mrs. D'Aubigny, with her eternal crimson velvet train, joined us in the room whither we went to disrobe.



"Mrs. D'Aubigny joined us."

"My dear," said she, "I am so glad you have come. I have a surprise for you. Who do you think is here?—your cousin Douglas, my love. Edgar" (Edgar was her husband) "met him by the river-side; he knew him years ago, and made him come to spend the day with us."

(To be continued next week.)



"KETCH 'EM ALIVE, OH!"

An expression we hear in the streets at this time of the year from the "gentle fly-catcher."



MUSIC WITH A MEANING.

Boy (whistling).—"I would I were A. BIRD!"—(Old Song).

[Unfortunately, however, that was all his share of it.]



VICE TRIUMPHANT; A Terrible Tale of the Middle Ages.

1. The fair Whatshername, daughter of the Baron Nevermind who, and young Thingammy loved, oh! how they loved each other. — 2. But when young Thingammy called on the Baron for permission to pay his addresses to his daughter, he unkindly spurned him with his iron heel. — 3. So young Thingammy went and consulted a hermit, who dwelt in the hollow of an old oak (observe the little

bird above). — 4, 5. But while the lovers were preparing to take his advice and fly, — 6. The little bird put the Baron up to it; — 7, 8. Who took measures accordingly. — 9. And lived happily ever after. What became of young Thingammy? you would ask. Alas, alas! suffice it to say that the Baron's favourite drinking-cup was composed of a bone or two that had once belonged to the unfortunate youth,

THEY SHRANK FROM THE EYES OF MEN.



1. "The sea, sar," said Jack Bluster, "the grand, the glorious sea—the sublimest thing in nature, sar, where an artist may revel with delight," &c., &c.



2. Of course, next day saw them at Hastings. Who could stand Jack when he got on that way?



3. "I say, Jack, the plug's out of this hang'd boat, and we're going to the bottom."



The River Cad who pollutes the Leafy Thames with his presence.



4. No sooner said than done.



5. "That was a narrow squeak," said Jack; "dashed if the sea is so fine after all."



6. They retire to a quiet nook to discuss the Political Situation while their "little ells" are drying.



7. Horror! They didn't calculate on getting those cheap tourist suits wet. Fine appearance this to make going through St. Leonards!



"HE IS A PIRATE KING." (New Version).—With apologies to Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan.

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